THE EVERETT MASSACRE

This booklet was prepared specifically for the commemoration of the 70th anniversary of the Everett Massacre.

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Sponsors:

Pacific Northwest History Association
Snohomish County Labor Council
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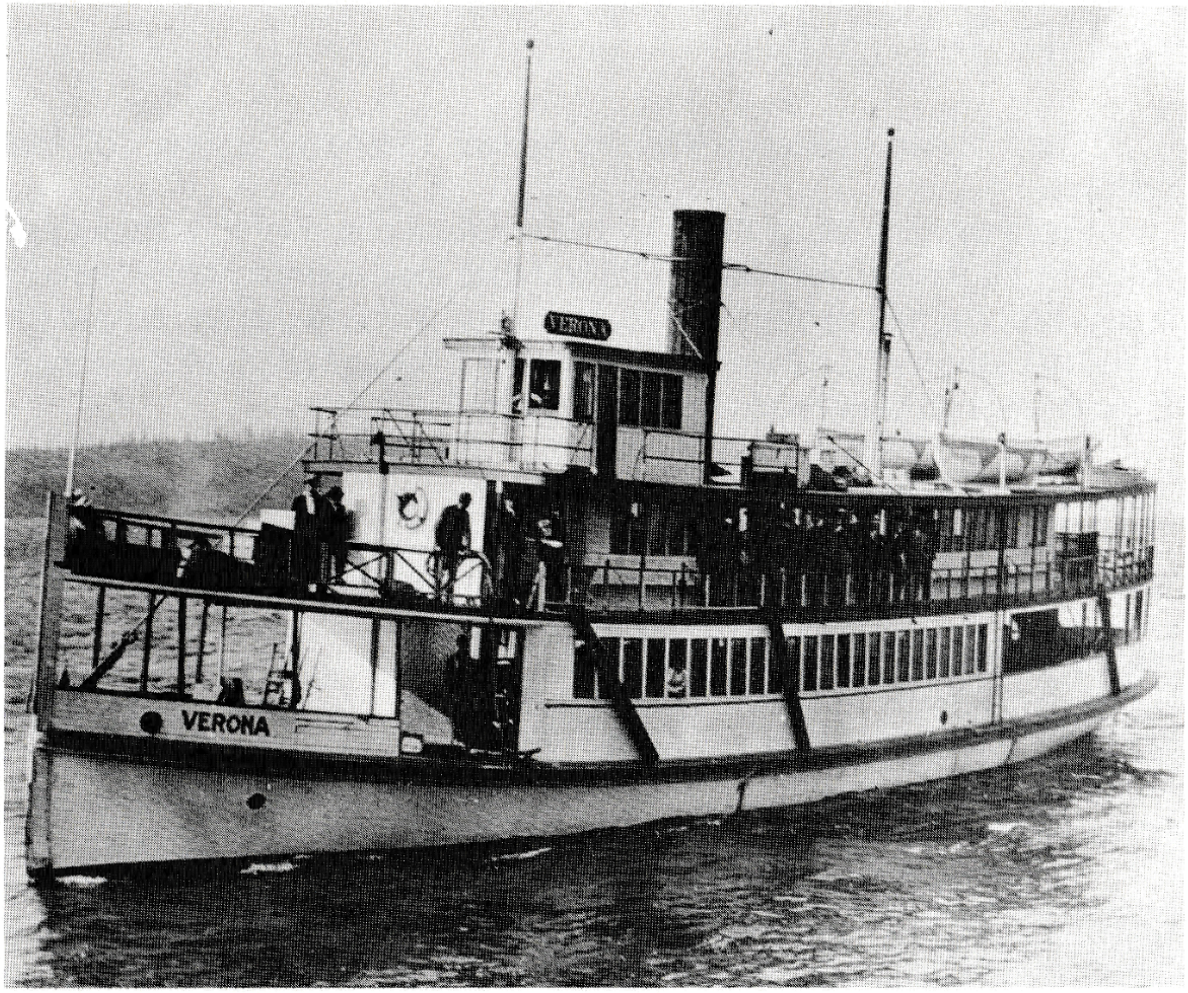
Cover photo:
View of the Everett City Dock, scene of the Everett Massacre, taken one year later. Sheriff Donald McRae and his deputies came out of the warehouse as the Verona *drew up. Photo taken for use in the Oscar Carlson trial. Courtesy of the Everett Public Library.*



The Verona *at sea, circa 1910. The steamer was one of a number of passenger ships that plied the waters of Puget Sound. Courtesy of the Seattle Historical Society.*

IT IS NOVEMBER 5, 1916

Sunny and cool, the waters of Puget Sound are smooth. A small steamer, the *Verona*, is packed with some 250 men from Seattle who are eager to show the authorities of Everett that working people stand together in the face of violence.

The steamer rounds Elliot Point past Mukilteo, and Everett's famous smokestacks come into sight.

Waiting for it on the Everett dock, Sheriff Donald McRae and several hundred hastily armed "deputies" – many fresh from a beating of 41 men a few nights before – can now pick up the faint strains of the Wobbly song that rings out over Puget Sound from the *Verona's* deck:

"We meet today in Freedom's cause,
And raise our banners high!
we'll join our hands in union strong
To battle, win, or die!"

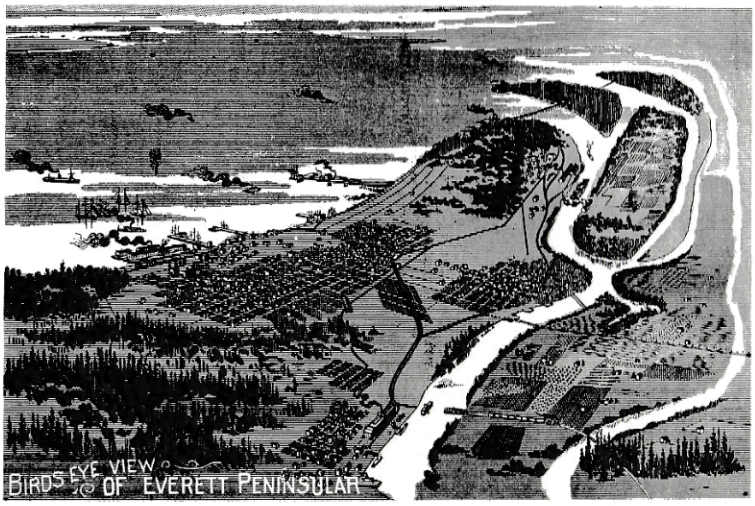
RIPTIDE

The Everett Massacre was the violent riptide of a clash of two cultures.

From the East came the quiet but absolute power of industrial lords like John D. Rockefeller, James Hill and their local counterparts. Everett's streets bear the names of these true capitalists, the deep pockets behind the industrialization of the Pacific Northwest. To the ambitions of these men, Everett owes its name and the outline of its history.

From the West came the opposite – the noisy, unkempt and contagious spirit of the I.W.W., The Wobblies.

They were the heroes of the lowest class of working people – the migrant miners, "timber beasts" and farm workers who had nothing to lose and everything to gain through radical dreams. The Wobblies became the soul of a working class revolt against the turn-of-the-century serfdom that was the dark side of the Industrial Age.



Paintings of Everett like this one were used by early investors to attract new money for the development of the new city. This one was prepared in 1893.

From the hearth of Western fighting spirit came the Industrial Workers of the World, whose "One Big Union!" struck terror in the hearts of established business and labor leaders alike. For these fiery agents of the hopeless dreams of the lowliest of American laborers kindled a defiant pride that let them look any man steady in the eye.

As they did with burly Donald McRae at the Everett City Dock shortly after noon on November 5, 1916.

"Who is your leader?" McRae called out as the *Verona* came alongside.

"We're all leaders!" was the shout in reply, and the bowline snaked through the air to be secured on the pier.

For a moment, time on the Everett waterfront was suspended. The riptide had met. . .

How did it happen? To understand the forces that clashed in bullets and blood on Nov. 5, one must understand the roots of the I.W.W. and its unequalled role in the early history of industrial America. That role begins 10 years before the *Verona's* thick bowline attached Everett to its fate.

ONE BIG UNION!

It is 10 a.m. on June 27, 1905.

Fighting spirit fills a Chicago meeting place called Brand's Hall, as some 200 men and women from across America jostle and shout over the din to be heard. The air is thick and electric, like a storm about to break.

Grabbing a chunk of board, ex-miner "Big Bill" Haywood strides to a table in front of the crowd and pounds for silence.

"Fellow workers!" he thunders over the noise. "This is the Continental Congress of the working class! We are here to confederate the workers of this country into a working class movement!" The delegates cheer time and again as Haywood condemns both the masters of industry and the conservative labor establishment, the American Federation of Labor.

"This organization will be formed, based and founded on the class struggle, having in view no compromise or surrender!" Haywood boomed.

And before that week was over, from a parentage of anger, militancy and hope, was born the Industrial Workers of the World - the Wobblies. One Big Union, whose preamble drew the battle lines more sharply than ever.

"The working class and the employing class have **nothing** in common."

The *Verona's* Wobblies may have had no leader, but the national organization did. Chief among them was William D. Haywood, whose life as a miner and labor leader embodied the burst of revolutionary spirit the Wobblies spread like wildfire throughout the industrial landscape of America.

He was a Westerner, born in Salt Lake City and 15 years old when he first entered a Rocky Mountain mine in 1885. For the next 10 years he moved among immigrant miners who knew the working class movements of Europe.

From them Haywood learned of militant unionism as a tool for revolution. And with those men he learned a motive for action: the bare whisper they were paid of the millions taken by Eastern industrialists from the earth and the miners' sweat and blood.

William D. "Big Bill" Haywood, I.W.W. leader and genuine American revolutionary. From the Ralph Chaplin collection of the Washington State Historical Society.

An I.W.W. hall, with its members in front, somewhere in the Northwest, circa 1916. Some believe this is the Everett office.

In 1893, senior miners from several Rocky Mountain states met in Butte, Montana, to form the Western Federation of Miners, a militant union. At 27, Haywood became a local officer, and five years later, in 1901, the six-foot-four, one-eyed, fire-breathing orator was elected secretary-treasurer of the W.F.M., which would soon father the I.W.W.

For years, the W.F.M. engaged in open warfare with mine owners across the Rockies, winning eight-hour days but losing several bitter strikes. But the spirit of Western militancy spread.

Two inspirations converged in Chicago in 1905 to create the I.W.W.

For one, the rank and file industrial workers were fed up with Samuel Gompers' A.F.L., which militant labor leaders thought protected a labor aristocracy that left the mass of working people to fight for leftover scraps of dignity. Miners, railway workers, metal workers and brewery workers, urged on by socialists like Eugene Debs and "Mother" Mary Jones, a mine organizer, thought the A.F.L. too timid.

Second was the idea of a worker-led revolution. The A.F.L. wanted the best for workers within the American framework. The militants wanted workers to run it. The idea was expressed as "One Big Union" – everyone would be a member – skilled, unskilled, men, women, white, black, yellow and brown. Its ultimate weapon would be the General Strike, in which all workers would join to ram the economy into neutral until they had gained the power to build an industrial democracy.

Exactly what this new America would look like, or how it would run were not very clear, to either the leaders or the tens of thousands of followers. These were not brainy theoreticians, but men and women of heart and action.

But they were clearly revolutionaries. They sought to dump the owners and make working people the center of a new society. They fought for and anticipated this day with the same fervor and totality that many Christians await the Judgment Day.

Were the Wobblies Marxists? In a uniquely American way, yes. They threw prominant U.S. socialists out of the I.W.W. early on, believing political action through votes was a weak and dangerous diversion from the scene of real power: direct action on the jobsite. Only workers could save fellow workers, the Wobblies thought. For the whole of their existence, they were fighting in the trenches of industrial strife.

Haywood, called before Congress to explain the I.W.W.'s utopian goals, told them he was first concerned with "the necessities of life: food, clothing, shelter, and amusement. We can talk of Utopia afterwards."

The industrialists were determined to see that the afterwards never arrived. If the radical organization could not be crushed wherever it appeared, it could ruin the orderly exploitation of resources, and the fortunes to be made from an obedient workforce.

And the A.F.L. was no friend of the Wobblies, either: Gompers had a spy at the founding convention who reported everything that was said. He became expert at painting his federation of unions as the moderate alternative to the rabble.

But the fledgling I.W.W. had friends too. And nowhere was there a more eager audience than in the huge Douglas Fir forests of the Pacific Northwest.

THE NORTHWEST

The "timber beasts" who logged the remote flanks of the Cascades heard the call for dry bunks and better food. Migrant farmers and field hands cheered the idea of joining together to demand better working conditions.

Though Wobbly organizers led battles from Pennsylvania to Georgia to Fresno, the Northwest was always their busiest theater.

A year after the Chicago convention, a Seattle office boasted 800 members. By 1907, locals had opened in Portland, Tacoma, Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Ballard, North Bend, Astoria and Vancouver.

That same year found Wobbly organizers rushing to Portland to help a sputtering sawmill strike. Soon after the I.W.W. appeared, militant tactics such as roving bands of pickets produced a city-wide strike of 2,300, the northwest's largest work stoppage.

Though the strike ultimately fizzled, the sudden burst of militant unionism served notice on employers to treat their workers better or face

Crews of hardy men like these worked long hours in often miserable conditions, clearing the forests of the Cascade flanks and running the logs through dangerous mills. They were early targets of Wobbly recruiting efforts. This crew worked at the Ames Shingle Mill in Snohomish.

the same. And for the timber workers, the Wobblies became known as the group that got things done.

In 1908, 20 hoboes of the "Overalls Brigade," led by Wobbly organizer Jack Walsh, left the Northwest on a series of eastbound freights. From this group flowed pamphlets and songs from the Little Red Song Book through all the hobo jungles of the northern states, until they reached Chicago in time for the I.W.W. annual convention. There, they provided the fire and votes needed to throw Socialists out of the organization.

In 1909, Brigade "General" Walsh showed up in Spokane to lead a free speech fight. City fathers had closed down Wobbly soapbox orators by throwing them in jail. Responding to a regionwide call, thousands of Wobblies came to the capital of the Inland Empire to take their turn on the soapbox and their term in jail. Among them was Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, the famous "Rebel Girl" who began a career of rabble-rousing at 15.

Only after five months of daily arrests, with the jails full to overflowing and the city budget near collapse, did the city leaders cave in and agree to permit the I.W.W. to speak freely on the streets.

The fortunes of the I.W.W. waxed and waned. Many bitter strikes were lost; some were won. The Wobblies proved excellent industrial guerrillas and propagandists, but lousy organizational builders. In 1916, the Seattle local reported only 50 paid-up members.

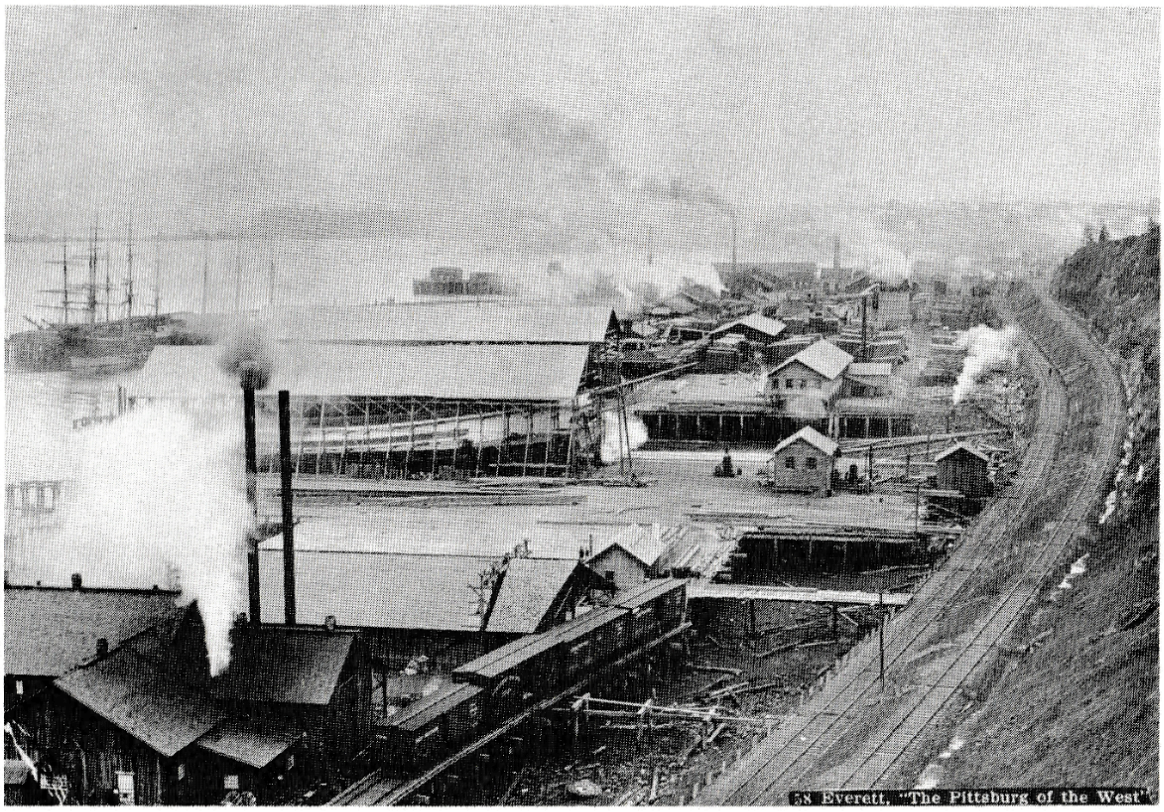
But trouble was brewing in Everett, and the I.W.W. leaders of Seattle prepared to pull their resources together to confront it.

EVERETT: 1916

In Everett, industrial America laid bare its essence. This city was carved from the wilderness with the sweat and blood of several generations of working men and women; but its mills and forests were owned by the distant or local masters who gave their names to Everett's streets: Henry Hewitt, Charles Colby, the Rucker Brothers.

In 1916, the two dominant business leaders were William C. Butler, the banker who founded the First National Bank (which eventually became Seattle First National), and David M. Clough, former governor of Minnesota and an iron-willed leader of the industrialists who flat-out opposed unions in general and Wobblies in particular. Clough's son-in-law, Roland Hartley, would go on to become governor of Washington.

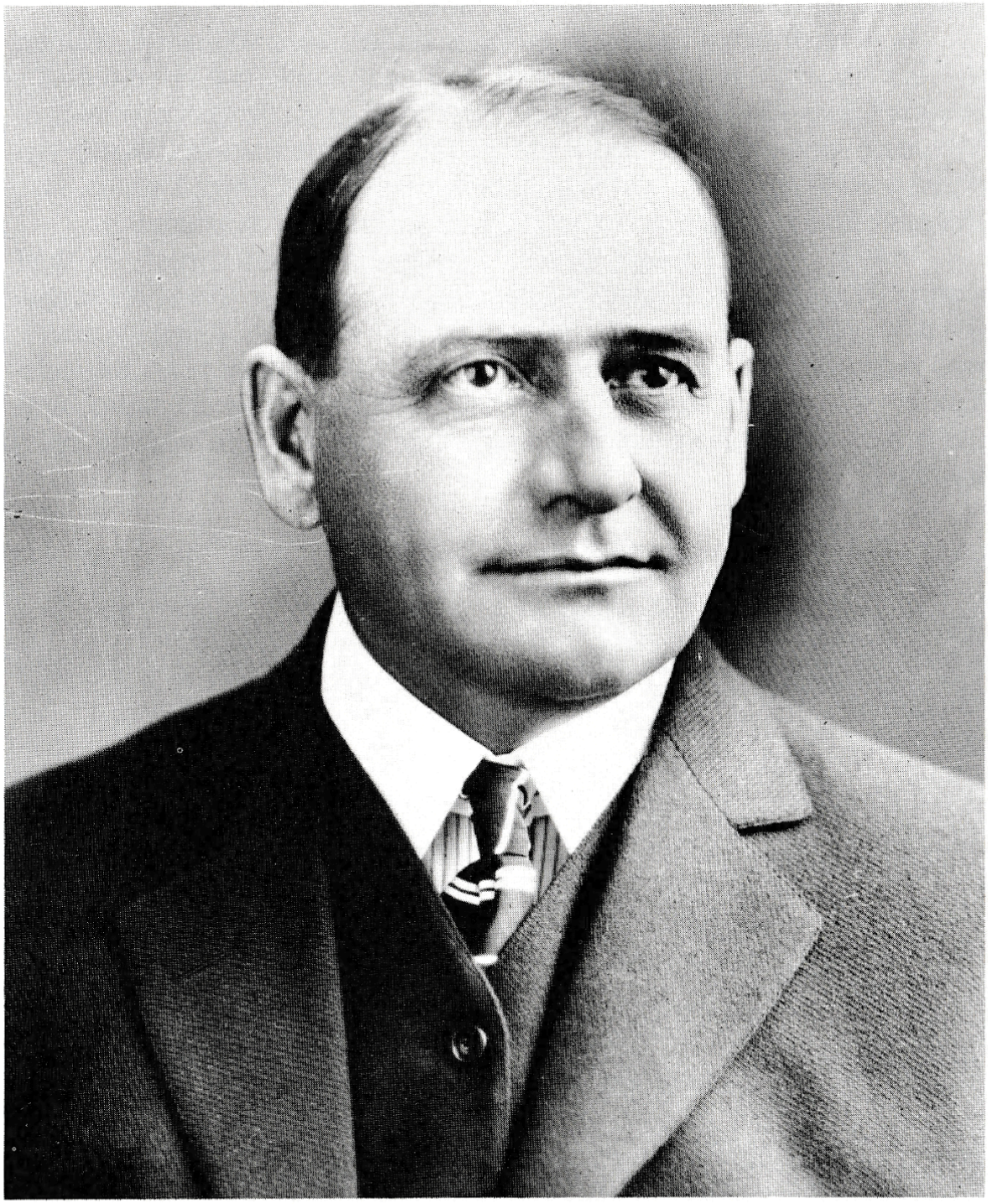
In 1915, led by Clough, Everett's cedar shingle mill owners cut their workers' wages and said once shingle prices recovered, so would the wages. By 1916, prices had risen but wages had not. Everett's shingle weavers, who belonged to an A.F.L. local, went on strike on May 1. (A "shingle-weaver" was anyone engaged in the shake-making process; the name came from the stackers whose bands flew so fast they appeared to weave shingles together.)



Everett at the turn of the century with the Bell Nelson Mill and shipsheds in the foreground. Everett sold itself as "The Pittsburg of the West." G.W. Kirk took this photo in 1902.

Clough and the others responded directly by hiring strikebreakers and encouraging Sheriff McRae to deputize supporters and take a hard line. In time, the union lines broke, and by mid-August the strike was in shambles. Into this dying effort dove the Wobblies, uninvited, to see if their tactics could inflame it back to life.

Everett's historically strong labor movement, led in those years by



Donald McRae, a former shingle weaver, turned Everett into a virtual police state with the urging of the city's commercial and industrial leaders. As Snohomish County sheriff, McRae was a ruthless enemy of the Wobblies.

progressive Ernest P. Marsh, wanted nothing to do with the Wobblies, whose reputation as anarchists and revolutionaries – not to mention A.F.L. competitors – was well-known in Everett. And Everett's industrialists dreaded them. But the Wobblies were used to all that.

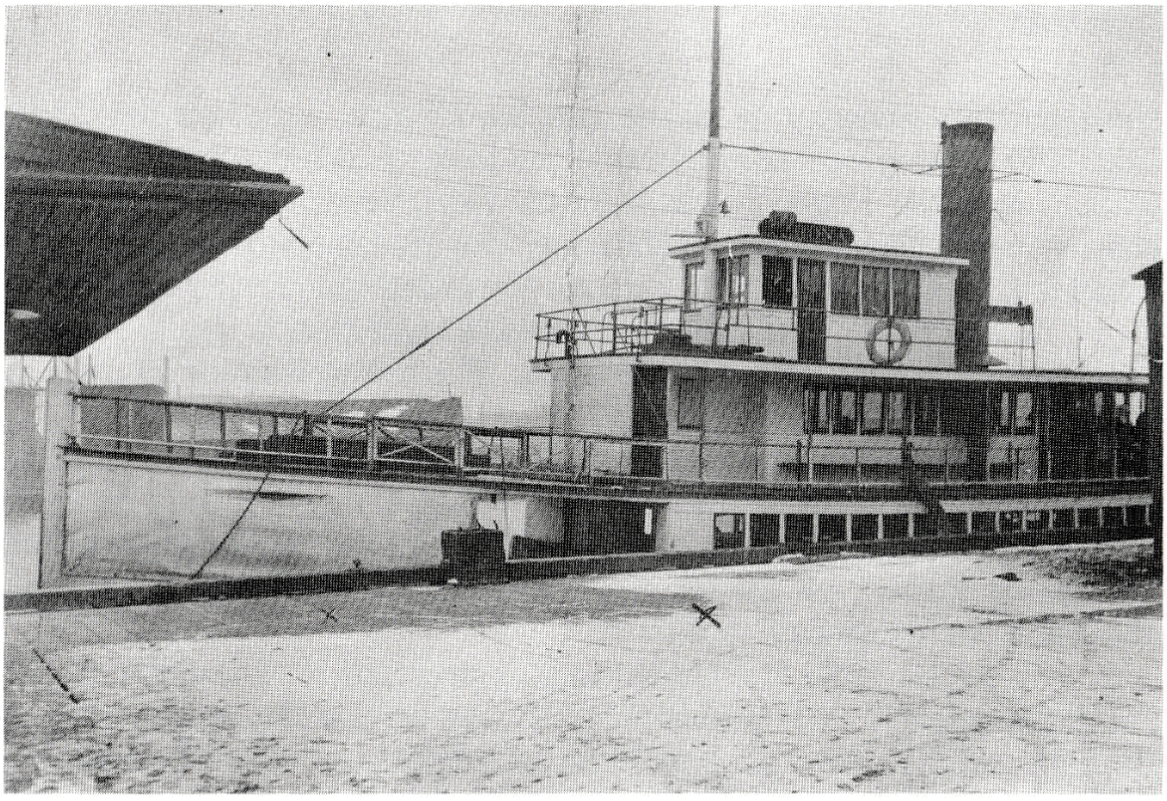
It started as a Spokane-style "free-speech" movement, with a Wobbly organizer opening an office at 1219½ Hewitt Ave. and beginning soapbox oratory on the corner of Wetmore and Hewitt. He was soon arrested by McRae, himself a former shingle weaver who had donated $25.00 to the weavers' strike fund – money the weavers soon returned.

Some Everett citizens joined the fray. One local woman was taken off the Wobbly soapbox for trying to read the Declaration of Independence. The call went out for more free speakers. McRae's iron fist was challenged by Wobbly determination. Things got rapidly violent.

On Sept. 9, about 20 Wobblies heading for Everett on the steamer *Wanderer* were intercepted by McRae and deputies in a tug, arrested and sent to jail.

On Sept. 10, Wobbly soapbox speakers were arrested, taken to jail and then forced to run through a gauntlet of about 150 deputies where they were kicked and beaten.

On October 30, 41 I.W.W.s who arrived in Everett from Seattle on



McRae and his men had roughly this view of the Verona *when it pulled up on Nov. 5. The "X" marks where McRae probably stood when he hailed the ship. The photo was taken in early 1917 during a re-enactment of the massacre for a civil trial.*

Everett men dragged a skiff across this beach in an effort to row out to rescue Wobblies who had fallen into the water. They were forced back with gunfire by McRae's men. The tower belonged to the Great Northern Depot. Photo circa 1909.

the regular passenger run of the steamer *Verona*, were met the dock, loaded in waiting cars and driven in the twilight to a road near Beverly Park – near the Puget Power substation off Beverly Blvd. – and run through a merciless gauntlet of 200 men swinging sawed-off cue sticks, axe handles and other clubs. That race for life ended in a cattle guard.

The bloodied "free speechers" took a collection to get the worst-injured back to Seattle on the interurban. The rest walked the 25 miles to tell their story the next day.

That was the final straw. Everett union leaders called for a mass meeting to take place at Hewitt and Wetmore the following Sunday, November 5. Some of the victims of the Beverly Park beating were invited to attend. Posters of the meeting were plastered all over town, and thousands were expected to attend.

The Seattle Wobblies decided to go a step further. The call went out for thousands of I.W.W.s to come to Everett on that day, and use broad daylight and the gaze of Everett's aroused citizens to protect them against McRae's violent tactics.

Early Sunday morning, some 400 Wobblies had gathered in Seattle. About 250 loaded onto the *Verona*, the rest catching a smaller steamer that came behind. Amid cheers, they set out on the two-and-one-half-hour

journey to Everett. There, they expected to be joined by Everett supporters and march to the rally.

The captain and first mate of the *Verona* later said these passengers were a lively but well-behaved bunch, singing Wobbly songs. But as the *Verona* left, Clough's mills blew their whistles and McRae's deputies gathered and armed themselves. Whether McRae was misinformed by his Seattle spies, or chose to exaggerate to fire his men up, he told them the *Verona* was filled with armed radicals intent on burning Everett to the ground.

The deputies hid in a warehouse on the City Dock. Thousands of citizens lined the banks above Port Gardner Bay. Shortly after noon, they saw the *Verona* approach.

It all happened so quickly. The ship pulled up; the bowline secured. Before the stern line could be thrown, McRae came out of the warehouse, hitched his gun belt and held up his hand for silence. Behind him filed 200 deputies. On another dock to the south, and a tugboat to the north, other armed men could be seen moving into position.

Standing next to McRae were Jefferson Beard, deputy sheriff, and Charles O. Curtis of the National Guard. The three were perhaps 10 feet ahead of the local militia, and an equal distance from the side of the packed ship.

"Who is your leader," shouted McRae. Survivor Jack Miller recalled it as a gruff roar.

"We're all leaders here," came the reply.

McRae pulled his gun. The gangplank was almost in place. The suspended moment was over.

"You can't land here!" McRae shouted.

"The hell we can't!"

And a shot rang out, from somewhere. Then another. Then the battle was on. As the spectators watched in horror, bullets tore across the decks of the *Verona*. Some returned fire. Most Wobblies rushed to the starboard side and the *Verona* listed dangerously, saved from capsize only by the bowline. Several men fell in the chilly water.

On the dock, Beard and Curtis fell. McRae clutched wounds on his legs. On the *Verona*, at least five men were fatally shot, and an uncounted handful who went overboard never returned. Everett men who tried to launch a skiff to rescue swimmers were chased away by gunfire. In all, a total of 50 men on both sides were wounded.

Below decks, an engineer fired up the *Verona's* engine and rammed the ship into reverse. The ship snapped her bowline and backed out from the dock, bullets chasing her as the Wobblies huddled on the bloody deck.

Perhaps five minutes had passed since the bowline was secured. The long trip back to Seattle was quiet.

THE AFTERMATH

A huge funeral was held in Seattle for the five dead Wobblies: Felix Baran, Hugo Gerlot, Gustav Johnson, John Looney and Abraham Rabinowitz. The average age of the *Verona* passengers was in the mid-20s.

The 74 survivors on the *Verona* were first put in a Seattle jail, then moved to the Snohomish County jail to await trial for first-degree murder. There, they were vilified by and, in turn, vilified Donald McRae.

At the celebrated 1918 trial, George Vanderveer, former King County prosecutor and the brilliant "attorney for the damned," got Thomas Tracy, the first Wobbly brought to trial, acquitted. Vanderveer established that so much wild shooting took place from scurrying deputies on the dock that it might have been their bullets, not the Wobblies', that killed Beard and Curtis.

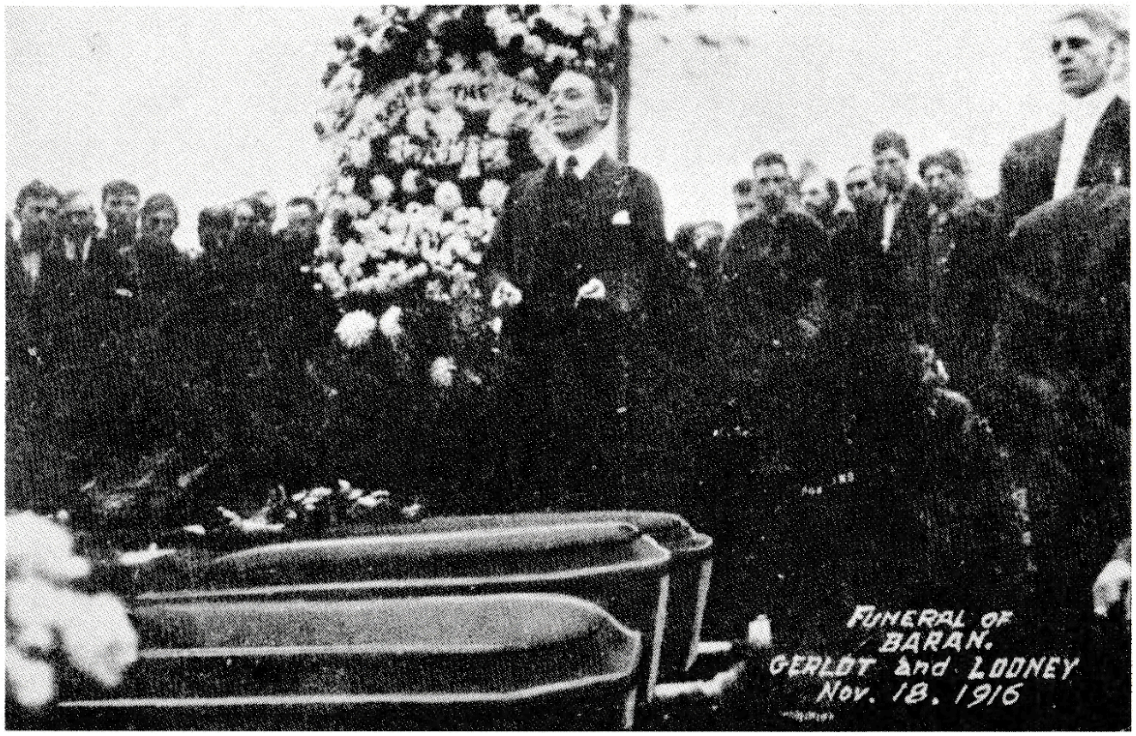
Charges against the other 73 Wobblies were dropped.

McRae, in time, was shuffled aside and replaced. Made the object of a damning Wobbly song and more tangible threats and abuse, in the mid-1920s he and his wife accepted then-Gov. Roland Hartley's invitation to become superintendant of grounds in Olympia. His wife shot herself in 1933, and McRae died forgotten soon after.

The I.W.W. in the Northwest remained active. And controversial. A gunfight in Centralia in 1919 resulted in the mutilation and lynching of a Wobbly leader. The Centralia Wobblies were sentenced to long jail terms; public sentiment had turned against them.

Later in 1919, Seattle unions deployed that ultimate Wobbly weapon – the General Strike – though largely without the I.W.W. in any leadership role. The strike collapsed in five days.

Plaster death masks of the five Wobbly victims who came back with the Verona. *This photo was used as a Wobbly postcard.*



A huge crowd followed the caskets of the massacre victims through the streets of Seattle toward the Mt. Pleasant Cemetary. Wobbly sympathizer and poet Charles Ashleigh is speaking over the bodies of Baran. Gerlot and Looney on Nov. 18, 1916.

In 1918, the I.W.W. claimed 250,000 members in the timber and mining industries. And it claimed it was ready to take them all out on strike and stifle the World War I effort if demands were not met.

By this time, the war was on in earnest and the federal government decided to act against this internal enemy of the war effort. President Woodrow Wilson let it be known he wanted the Wobblies neutralized. The wave of anti-I.W.W. sentiment spread, and soon government agents were joining vigilante groups in breaking up I.W.W. meetings and cracking Wobbly skulls.

On Sept. 5, 1917, 166 Wobbly leaders, including Haywood and Flynn, were arrested in a nationwide crackdown on the I.W.W. that was organized in part by a young attorney named J. Edgar Hoover. All Wobbly offices were raided, the records taken and the equipment destroyed. The Wobbly leaders were accused of obstructing the war effort and a trial was set for Chicago. Seattle's George Vanderveer was called on to conduct it.

This time Vanderveer lost. The government wanted to end the Wobbly threat as the "loose cannon" on America's industrial decks once and for all. A jury found the Wobblies guilty, and a judge gave most the harshest sentences he could. It was one of democratic America's darkest deeds.

In a stunning coup de grace, Big Bill Haywood himself jumped bond in 1921 and was soon granted asylum in the Soviet Union, a guest of

Two dozen of the Verona's *Wobblies, posing before the Snohomish County Jail where they were held until their trial.*

Lenin's. He directed a labor project there, but died, alone and embittered, in 1928.

Other Wobbly leaders stayed. Some died broken men. Others planted seeds for future organizations that took up parts of the Wobbly dream. Groups as diverse as the American Civil Liberties Union, the C.I.O. (Congress of Industrial Organizations), and the American Communist Party owe debts to the I.W.W.'s school of hard knocks.

As for Everett, the events of Nov. 5, 1916, are remarkably fresh. The City Dock is gone and Clough's mills are forgotten, but the *Verona's* voyage is still a sensitive subject. Somehow the echoes of the pistol reports and the shouts of men remain, ever marking the site of the riptide known as the Everett Massacre.

EPILOGUE

by Ross Rieder

So, all these years years later, where have we come today?

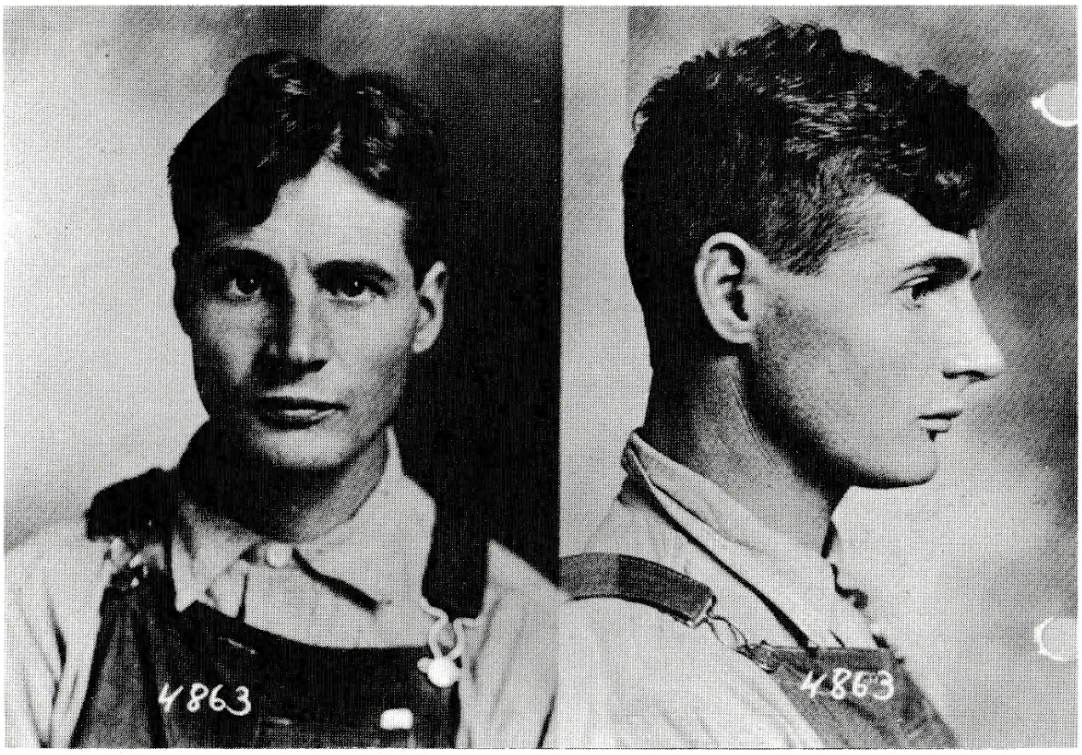
Styles may change, but effects are similar. Violence to the dignity and welfare of workers and their families continues: A recent wood industry strike on Everett's waterfront lasted three years.

Though the government violently suppressed the I.W.W., many of its ideas live on. The dream of One Big Union can be found in the guts of any commited trade unionist.

Our industrial base is today being undermined by corporations with no loyalty to nations. Production for profit is still the bottom line – we may be no closer to production for need than were the Wobblies.

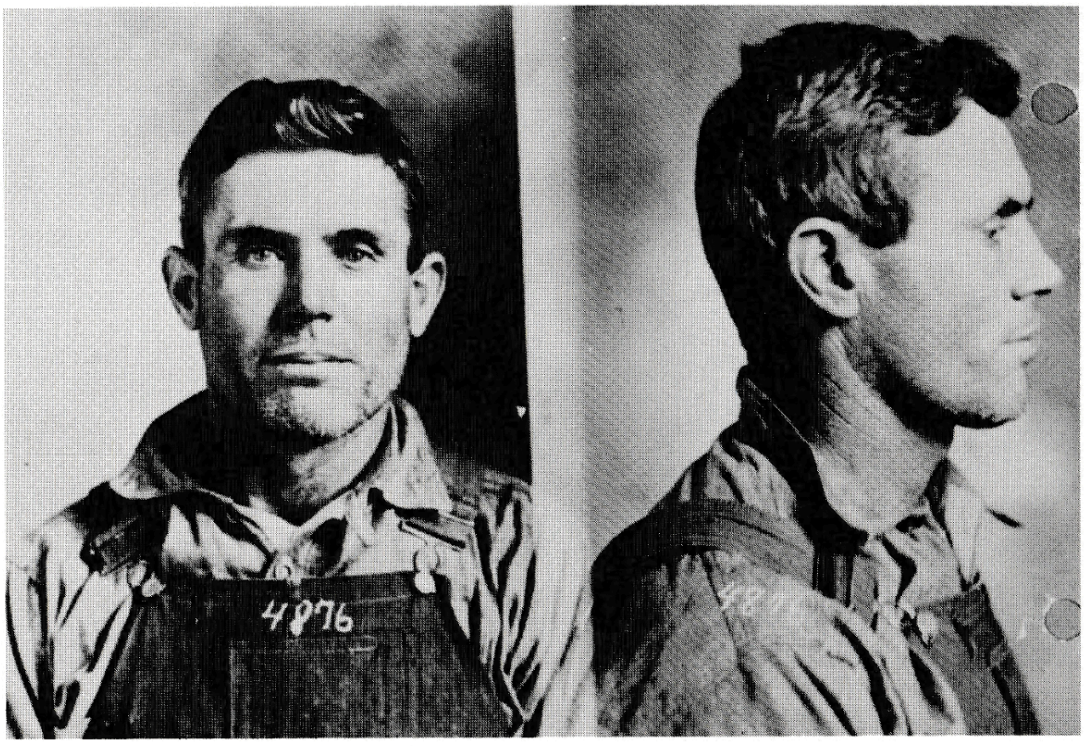
But that's no cause for surrender.

Every generation has its new battle. The struggle against what Jack London called The Iron Heel will go on. We must work and hope for that. Nothing worthwhile in life is easy, nor need be, for what would be the glory in victories without struggle?



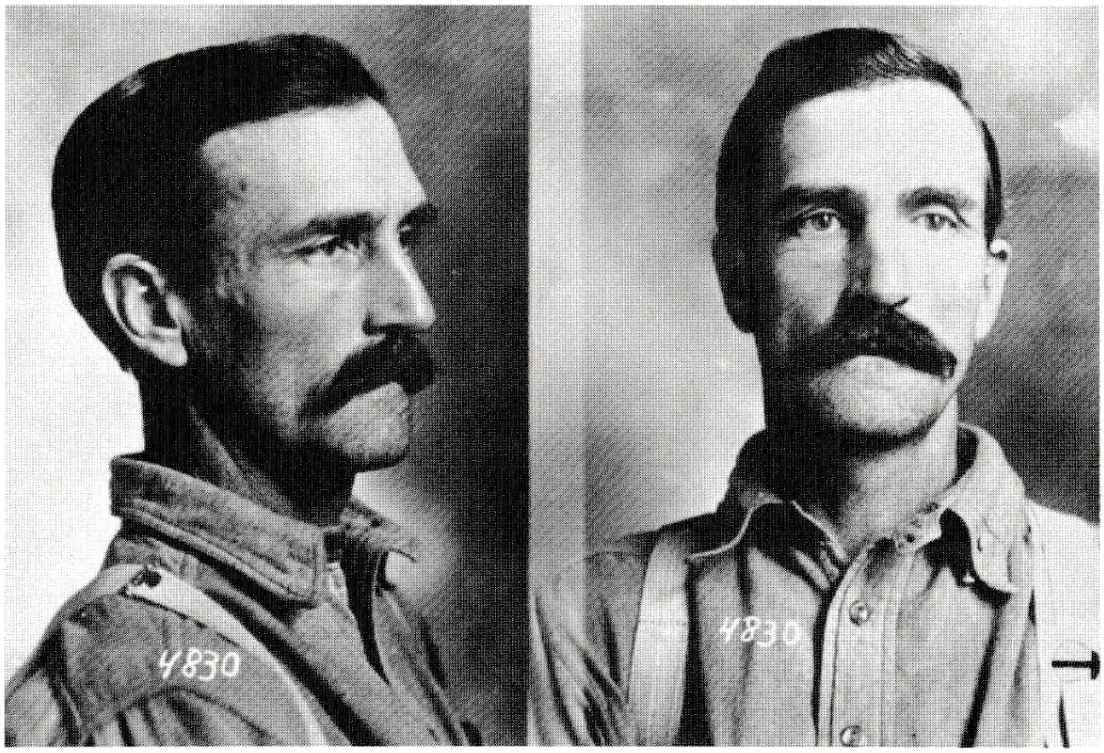
Jack Miller's mug shot, taken at the Seattle police station after the Verona *returned. Miller was 27 at the time, and kept the story of the massacre alive for decades. He died May 20, 1986, at the age of 97.*

Mug shot of another Verona *passenger, Harvey Hubler.*

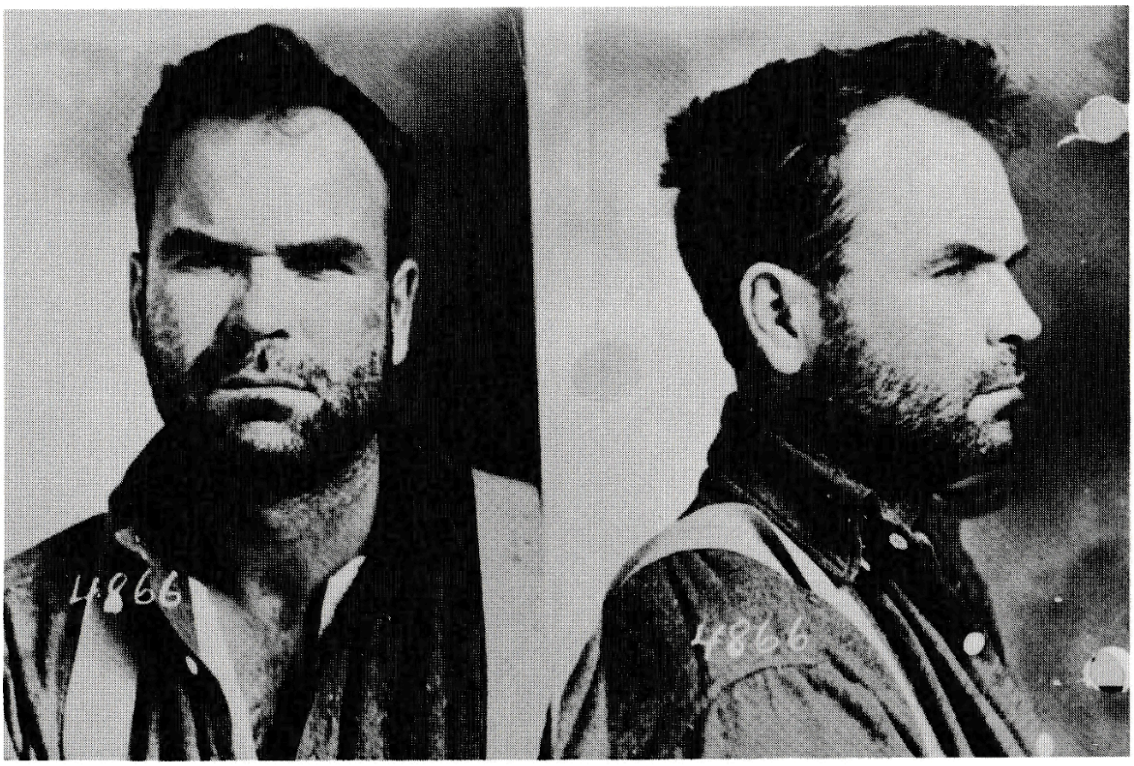


John "Big Red" Nugent

John "Red" Downs



Charles Haywood



Thomas Tracy, the Wobbly who was acquitted.

Solidarity Forever
(Tune: *John Brown's Body*)
(by Ralph Chaplin, January 1915) (9th edition, 1916)

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run.
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?
But the Union makes us strong.

Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?
For the Union makes us strong. *(chorus)*

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they trade;
Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of railroad laid.
Now we stand outcast and starving, 'midst the wonders we have made;
But the Union makes us strong. *(chorus)*

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone.
We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward stone by stone.
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own.
While the Union makes us strong. *(chorus)*

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.
We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom when we learn
That the Union makes us strong. *(chorus)*

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold;
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand fold.
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old.
For the Union makes us strong. *(chorus)*

There Is Power In A Union
(*Tune:* There Is Power In The Blood)
(*by Joe Hill*) (*1913 edition*)

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,
Then come, do your share, like a man.

(Chorus) There is pow'r, there is pow'r
In a band of workingmen,
When they stand hand in hand,
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r
That must rule in every land —
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,
And live in a shack, way in the back?
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,
And starve here with rags on your back? *(chorus)*

If you've had 'nuf of the "blood of the lamb"
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,
Then come, do your share, like a man. *(chorus)*

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,
Then don't organize, all unions despise.
If you want nothing before you are dead,
Shake hands with your boss and look wise. *(chorus)*

Come, all ye workers, from every land,
Come, join in the grand Industrial band;
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.
Come on! Do your share, like a man. *(chorus)*

The Pacific Northwest Labor History Association is a society devoted to the study and preservation of the social, economic and cultural history of the working people of the Pacific Northwest. Membership is open to rank and file union members, union officials, academics and anyone interested in our stated goals.

PNLHA PUBLICATIONS

The Intruders: A Novel of Labor History by Elgar Houghton, softbound $6.00 A fictional account of the Everett Massacre.

The Sentinel: Sixty Years After Armistice Day, 1919 in Centralia, Washington by Emerson Daggett, softbound $1.00.

"It's a moving, well-told story. I'd like to try reading it to friends. . ." Peter Seeger

Unionism or Hearst: The Seattle Post-Intelligencer Strike of 1936 by William E. Ames and Roger A. Simpson, softbound $5.00.

The Newspaper Guild strike during the Depression closed the P-I newspaper for months, captured national attention and boosted Dave Beck and the Teamsters to new power.

Annual Labor History Calendar, $8.00

Write: Pacific Northwest Labor History Association, P.O. Box 75048, Seattle, Washington 98125.

PNLHA holds an Annual Conference in the Spring of each year rotating among British Columbia, Oregon and Washington.

PREAMBLE OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things in life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the workers have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

WE NEVER FORGET
VERONA
BLOODY SUNDAY
EVERETT
NOVEMBER 5, 1916